

The Weekly Museum.

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FANNY: OR, THE HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Continued.]

WITHOUT waiting for the spring, he returns into the country, accompanied by his friends, who all united to rescue him from a passion so degrading, as they called it, and contemptible. What! should a Peer of England sigh under the influences of romantic love for a poor country girl! Incessantly stung with such reproaches as these, his vanity revolted against the attachment. Whatley, in the hour of gaiety and intoxication, sometimes promised to think no more of Fanny; but the ensuing day renewed with a warmer interest, the idea of his sovereign mistress, for so he called her. He rose more inflamed, and, if the expression may be pardoned, more infatuated with love.

Our noble lord, as may very well be supposed, was no sooner arrived at his estate, than he went to the house of his tenant. The timorous and respectful behaviour of love made him more amiable. He could not get over that embarrassing confusion which the sight of Adams always occasioned. Fanny would fain have persuaded herself to look upon him with aversion, but he had acquired new charms.

As soon as he entered her father's house, she withdrew; but she stole a glance that ruined her repose, and made her repeat incessantly, he is extremely amiable. Whatley thought of a thousand pretences for paying his devotions to his hidden divinity.

One day he met Fanny at a little distance from the farm; she appeared more beautiful, more engaging than ever he had seen her. A well-fancied hat on her head, the neighboring flowers that fell negligently by her side, her hair in a disorder preferable to all the elegance of art, her heaving bosom, the tears that fell from her fine eyes upon the roses of her cheeks; these were the circumstances of that enchanting figure, in which he then saw the mistress of his soul. She was seated at the foot of a tree, and it was easy to perceive that her young heart laboured under some oppressive sentiment. Whatley threw himself at her feet in tears. My sweet angel! said he. At the same moment, she rose, and cried, my lord! He would have taken her hand; she withdrew it hastily, would have forced herself from him, and fled to the farm. No, my divine creature, you will not leave me. What have I done, beautiful Fanny? What crime have I committed? Ah, my lord, leave me, let me fly to my father; he has forbidden me to speak to you, or to see you. It was very cruel, my lord, added she, with tears, to think of taking advantage of our poverty; you have given great disturbance to my father, and all my relations. I have not deserved such treatment from your lordship.

In pronouncing the last words, she was advancing towards the farm-house, and wept, letting fall her hand, which his lordship seized a second time. Ah! divine Fanny! do not accuse me, my friend alone should bear the blame; Never

had I such an execrable thought; is it possible that I, who love you to distraction, should treat you without respect? He perceived Adams coming towards them, with a look of anger, intimating a design to reprove his daughter.—Yes, my dear Adams, I will repeat it before you, and in the face of Heaven, that I adore your charming daughter. She is virtue itself, dressed by the graces, and it is my pride to lay at her feet, myself, my fortune, my honors, and my heart. (Fanny blushed; she turned her fine eyes, that were full of tears, on her lover, thought him less criminal than her father had represented him, and again cast those eyes on the ground.) Yes, Adams, I declare it; Fanny has taught me that prejudice should yield to reason; and now that I am in your house, before your wife and your children, I declare that I will marry her; that my name, my title, my fortune, and my whole soul shall be her's. Yes, my adorable Fanny, you see your lover and your husband at your feet.

What transport! what agitations in the heart of poor Fanny! What are you about, my lord? said Adams, raising Whatley; it is our business to kneel before you. I am thoroughly sensible of your goodness, but ignorant and artless as we are, we know what is due to ourselves. My daughter was not born to the dignity of lady Whatley; that title belongs to ladies of equal rank with yourself. Fanny, my lord, is your humble servant; she has but one master that has a superior claim, and that is honor. No, my lord, I will never agree that you should marry beneath yourself; I should be very unworthy of your favors, and those of my lord, your father, whose memory will be ever dear and sacred to me, if I should indulge that passion which now blinds you; my wife, and Fanny herself, will be of the same opinion, and I have the honor, in their stead, to point out to you what is your duty on this occasion, and what is ours. Fanny, once more looked on lord Whatley, and wept. Are not these, child, your sentiments? Yes, father, said she. But that yes was pronounced with a trembling accent, her heart would have snatched up what her tongue had let fall.

What a triumph for Fanny! she loved lord Whatley, and what secret transport must she have felt to find his passion so great as to offer her marriage! Her lover did not let the thing rest here. Every day he visited Adams. The same perseverance of demanding Fanny in marriage on his part, the same fortitude of refusal on the worthy father's. My lord at length determined to write to the mistress of his fate. He leaves a letter at the foot of a tree. He knew that Fanny must pass this way, and depended on her curiosity for taking up the paper, on which he wrote no superscription. Fanny comes to the tree beholds the billet, but in doubt whether she should touch it. She proceeds without taking it up, looks back, returns to the place, yields to an involuntary impulse, unfolds the paper, and trembling, reads the following address:—

"You will easily discover who is the writer of this letter, and to whom it is addressed: It proceeds from the most tender, the most pas-

sionate of men; it is addressed to the most adorable, but the most cruel, the most barbarous of women. Can the beautiful Fanny be ignorant, that the happiness of Whatley depends solely on herself and her respectable father? I can only give her my hand and my heart, the sacrifice is not sufficient to express my love. I know it well, my charming Fanny, but it is all that is in my power. If you loved me, if you had the least sense of pity for your unhappy Whatley, I should be in heaven. The lover, the adorer of the divine Fanny would become her husband. But ah, cruel! Have I a sigh that breathes not for you? And yet these sighs must soon expire in death. Solicit your father to make me happy. Believe that you will be the happiest, the most adored of women. Virtue and beauty level all distinctions. You have read Pamela: a woman like her, in virtues and accomplishments, should, like her, be distinguished and rewarded. But ah, angelic creature! can it be an adequate recompence to you, to make you sovereign mistress of a man who has not the most distinguished throne on earth to offer you.—Your answer will determine whether Whatley shall end the most wretched of beings, or live the most happy of men."

Ah, my lord, cried Fanny, why was I not nobly born? If I were a queen, you should have no wish ungratified.—Oh! he suffers not what I endure.—Would we could change conditions! I would throw myself at the feet of my father and mother, and should soon be his wife. Poor lord! How he loves me! No, no, he never meant to dishonor me. I always thought it the contrivance of that wicked baronet.

Fanny kept the letter in her hand, perused it an hundred times, and always with the most ardent sensibility, with repeated exclamations of tender sorrow. She considers whether she shall shew it to her father. She is afraid, by suppressing it, of breaking her promise. She sees him, runs towards him, and with tears that interrupted her, she cried, Take it, father, see here a letter from my lord which I have found. Poor lord!—he is very unhappy. If he should die.—

Adams read the letter. Fanny you never concealed any thing from me. Do you love my lord?—she sobbed violently. My dear child, you have told me all; you are not in the hands of a severe judge, invested with parental authority, but of a tender friend. What do you expect from this unhappy passion? Your honor is dear to you. Oh, sir! a thousand times more than my life. Well, and could you ever flatter yourself with being lady Whatley?—Would you have me take an advantage of a moment of weakness or illusion, to infringe every duty I owe to my masters and benefactors? Are you ashamed of your humble condition—of your father's poverty?

My father, said Fanny, with folded hands and floods of tears, Heaven is my witness, how much I love and honor you. If you love me, then, child, you will overcome that tenderness, which to you may be a source of misery, and perhaps of

endless shame. We will part for some time. You shall go to your aunt Harris, who lives about ten miles from hence; there you will remain concealed until my lord leaves this place, and returns to town, where he will forget you. Alas! would my lord forget me?—Go, my dear Fanny, you know not the great; you imagine that they are like us country people. I lived for some time in town, and I know that their friendships are short lived. Marry a man of your own rank if you would be loved by your husband, and make your family happy. To-morrow you shall go: I will tell your mother that your aunt has sent for you, and I shall pre-acquaint her with the affair. Go and prepare for your journey.

This was a thunderstroke to Fanny. Her father left her alone. It was then she felt the whole force, the whole influence of love. She sat down, or rather fell upon her chair, her head supported by her hands, and her heart heaving as if it would burst. Shall I no more see my lord—be driven from him—scorn his tenderness—refuse to make him or myself happy—break my heart? How, how can I bear it! O my father! what is it you require of me! Can I have fortitude enough to obey you, to draw myself into exile, into my grave? Yes, my aunt will receive my last sighs. Ah, lord Whatley, lord Whatley!

[To be continued.]

BRUTAL CONTEST BETWEEN TWO INDIANS.

[FROM LONG'S VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.]

A MOHAWK, of the name of Scunnionfa, or the elk, and a Chippeway Indian of the name of Cark Cark, or the crow, having met a council of war near Crown point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their superiority in taking scalps.—The Mohawk contended that he could take a larger scalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different rout, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with deer's sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave. The Chippeway then rose, and, looking earnestly at the Mohawk, desired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's scalp, which is considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deer's sinews. The chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority. The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council meditating revenge; and as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

MAXIM.

NOTHING is more rare than true goodness: even those who imagine they possess it having nothing more than complaisance, or weakness.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SUMMER.

SEE Summer from her sultry cell comes forth;
With heats, and showers, and thunders on
her wing;

Rob'd in a loose array—to rule the varied clime.
Warm glows her cheek with healthful vigor,
While vegetation smiles at her approach,
And feels her all-ripening power.

The shepherd languid with the noontide air;
Seeks a retreat, in some refreshing bower, whose
umbrageous

Foilage, near a reviving stream: shelters himself;
And little mirthful flock;—from the warm blush
Of Summer's solar ray, while joy, and ease, and
innocence,

And love, attunes each ruder passion in his breast.
Muse, turn your eye askance, unto the ripened
field;

See in the east, the Sun has scarcely shed her deep-
ting'd radiance

O'er the bending plain, e'er the all-willing reap-
ers from the

Distant cot; in numbers flock about, to join the
industrious

Tenant in his toil; and taste the pleasures of an
harvest home.

Still in this theme, let not the Muse; unmindful
pass,

Over the labours of a smaller tribe. The Bee I
sing—

Whose glory now it is, to wing its rapid flight;
From flower to flower, to sip the impearled dew-
drop,

On the luxuriant leaf; and then well loaded with
the

Mellifluent store, flies to his home, and to the
toiling

Tribe, tenders his aid and little flock;
To live in plenty, during the gelid year;

But little think they of the robber man, who,
When they dreaming of the coming year:

With rude unfriendly hand drives the poor help-
less beings

From their home, to languish, perish in the
northern

Blast.—Let not the Muse on such dull topics
pause,—

But once more visit a more pictur'd scene of hu-
man innocence,

Of human friendship. Now view the dimpled brook
Whose flowery sides invite, the tender shepherds
and their

Partial nymphs, with health, contentment,
Blooming in their cheeks, to ease their flocks
from the

Incumbrous load; with the well guided shears,
While the unconscious blush of innocence, dawns
on each

Female face; the side long glance of love steal
from the

Mutual eye, thought meeting thought,
And love diffusing love, with joy ineffable;

'Till all is extacy and fond desire. While the
poor

Bleating victim, impatient lies;
To be disencumbered from his weighty fleece,

And bound again upon the verdant mead.

—'Tis noon—and heat descends with vertic
power,

Upon the labourers head, the airy choiresters with
Faintness seek the embowering shade.

The Ox enfeebled with the sultry air, with nerves
Unstrung—and languid step—wades in the
limped pool;

And the house-dog attentive to domestic care,
Hies to the shadow of his master's cot,—

Outstretch'd, and panting with the noon-day heat,

Catches the passing breeze.

But in the west, as with declining sun, a thick-
ning cloud

Appears, quick moving up. And white with
blackening

Flakes piles upon piles, obscure the western sky:
While in the distant air, in hollow tone, the deep-
mouth'd

Thunder rolls majestic. All nature stands aghast;
The feather'd tribe with speedy wing, seek the
recesses of the

Darkened wood; the affrighted watch-dog in the
cottage hies;

To avoid the impending shower.—And the all-
careful

Hen—with mother's fondness, under her wing,
The infant brood conceals.

At length the sun obscur'd, the light-wing'd scud,
With quick disorderd haste covers the blue ex-
panse,

And through the parting clouds, darts the sharp
flash

Of vivid lightning with hoarse and dreadful
thunder:

Then falls the rain in torrents from above,
To quench the thirsty soil:—A calm succeeds—

With drizzling light and pleasant shower—The
storm is o'er—

And in the west the party-colour'd clouds appears,
Tipp'd with the gilding of departing day:

While to the east the murmuring storm—
In a dying noise pass off;—and gentler gales

Succeed, to fan the humid evening with their
wing,

And lull tir'd nature to her nightly rest.

ARIOSTO.

On the LOVE of a VIRTUOUS WIFE.

BY NINON L'ENCLOS.

WERE I a man, and had the fortune to win
a heart, with what parsimony would I use
my advantage? How many gradations would I
oblige myself to pass through successively and
slowly? How many delicate pleasures, unknown
to the generality of men, would I, as it were,
create to myself? Like the miser, I would inces-
santly contemplate my treasure; rejoice in the
richness of it; be conscious that it constituted
my highest felicity; place my whole scheme of
happiness in the possession of it, in looking upon
it as my own peculiar property, in being the ab-
solute disposer of it; and yet strengthen myself
in the resolution not to lessen it by use. What
transport, to read in the eyes of a lovely woman
the dominion you have over her; to observe in
all her actions relative to you, a still encreasing
tenderness; to perceive her voice assume a softer
tone whenever she speaks of, or to, you; to
view her blushes, even upon a compliment of
course; and to triumph in her confusion upon a-
ny particular address! Can there be a situation
on earth more flattering than that of a lover con-
scious of a reciprocal flame? And what surer
proof can he require, than instances like those?
How charming! to be expected with an impa-
tience that her whole prudence cannot conceal;
to be received with a welcome, which charms
the more by the endeavors she makes, in part, to
hide her transport! She has dressed herself to
your taste; takes the very mien, the accent, the
whole air of a person, that is known to be most
agreeable to you. Before, she used to adorn her-
self to charm your sex in general; at present,
her toilet is spread for you alone; for you these
jewels, this ribbon, that bracelet, are put on;
you the sole object of her whole attire; you are
become her second self; she loves you over again
in her own image!

SATURDAY, JULY 11.

By the ship Connecticut, Capt. Palmer, arrived here in 54 days from Liverpool.

LONDON, May 25.

The declaration of his imperial majesty, as chief of the empire, professing a disposition to enter into a negociation with the French Republic, has much attracted public attention. But it seems, and is obvious, that his majesty, in making this intimation to the diet of Ratisbon, had nothing further in view than to render nugatory the mediation offered by the king of Prussia; to prevent any partial treaty being entered into, through him, which might tend to dislocate the grand German confederacy; to place his imperial majesty at the head of those German states which are disposed to treat for peace; and to accelerate or retard the negociations according to his own interests as a sovereign prince. The declaration was sent from Vienna on the 22d of April, and delivered to the diet at Ratisbon on the 4th of May. Twelve days after, his majesty, having maturely weighed his own relative situation, and also the dispatches sent from our court, accepts of a loan of 4,800,000l. and binds himself down to continue the war with France. The prospect of peace is therefore, we conceive, as distant as ever.

May 27.—We yesterday stated in our paper, the arrival from France, by a Dane which reached Dover on Monday night from Calais, of every important intelligence. This was not the only news of consequence which yesterday brought. The event which seems the first to press for mention is, the declaration of war by the Dutch against Great Britain.

A gentleman who left Amsterdam on Saturday last, and sailed from the Texel on Sunday, has brought to this country a copy of the above declaration of war, which we consider merely as a natural consequence of the treaty offensive and defensive entered into between the Dutch and the French.

Accounts were yesterday received by government by way of Dover, direct from Calais, to nearly the following effect;—

On the morning of Thursday last, an immense mob having assembled round the hall of the Convention, composed of parties delegated from different sections, who kept up an incessant cry of bread and a Constitution—some members were delegated to address them, advising them to separate, and promising in the usual phrase, that returning plenty was soon to be expected, as well as nearly a general peace, in consequence of the pending negociations.

Freron was one of those who took upon him this task—he was immediately attacked, pursued, and assassinated in the bosom of the Convention.

The crowd having now overpowered the guards, occupied the whole body of the hall, from whence they expelled all the members, excepting those whom they deemed friendly to their cause, and proceeded in a tumultuous way to dictate measures of reform.

A list of these was drawn up, which consisted principally of the following requisitions:—that all persons holding offices of state, as well as the members of the Convention, should resign their situations, and submit to remain in a state of arrestation till their conduct should be thoroughly scrutinised; and that the primary assemblies should be convened with all possible dispatch.

While this was going on within doors, the head of Freron, who was always distinguished among the moderates, was erected on a pole and carried through the streets in triumph.

The old committee were all dispatched, and a new one modelled after the form of that, at the head of which Robespierre so long reigned, was appointed.

In examining the papers of the committee of public welfare, it appeared that a treaty of peace had been concluded with the princes Hesse and Saxe, and some other members of the Germanic body; as also that another of yet as great a magnitude is in forwardness, this was supposed to be either with the emperor or Spain.

Such was the revolution of the moment, but at the end of six hours a change again took place in favour of the moderates, to whom it should seem the armed force of Paris remained faithful, though repulsed—the usurpers were defeated, and the Convention and committees again resumed their functions.

Extract of a letter from a respectable Citizen of Philadelphia, to his friend in this city, dated July 6.

"I must inform you of a circumstance which took place here on Saturday evening last. At eleven o'clock the ship-carpenters of Kensington, and a number of other citizens, about 500, armed with clubs, paraded the streets with a transparent painting of Mr. Jay; the figure in the attitude of presenting 'THE TREATY' to an expecting, admiring Senate, with the left hand, and in the right, a pair of scales suspended—In the elevated scale, 'Virtue, Liberty, and Independence,' were inscribed in large capitals; in the preponderating one 'British Gold.' After passing through several streets, they returned again to Kensington, where the painting was committed to the flames. A small party of the Light Horse attempted to disperse them, but without effect; they were driven from the field amidst a shower of stones, by which some were severely hurt, but no lives lost. I was an eye witness to the whole proceedings you may therefore rely on this account."

The following copy of a letter was on Wednesday received by the collector of the customs, from the American Consul at Hamburg.

London March 18, 1795.

SIR,

I have this day received information from our Consul at Gibraltar, that the cruizers of Muly Soliman of Morocco, have been authorized by him to capture the vessels of the United States. This intelligence is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Fox, our Consul at Falmouth, who has been informed by the same packet, that the cruizers of Muly Soliman will leave Salee, and cruize as far as Madeira, as soon as the weather permits them, you will therefore, Sir, make the contents of this known to the masters of all vessels within your department, and if there should be any vessel bound immediately to any port in the United States, be pleased to forward the intelligence to the collector of the customs at such port.

I am, &c.

THOMAS PINCKNEY.

J. Parish, Esq. Hamburg,

A True Copy.

The Transparent Painting,

EXHIBITED on the 4th inst. at No. 75, Pearl-street, not being sufficiently high to shew to advantage, will again be display'd at the same place on Tuesday the 14th inst. it being the Anniversary of the French Revolution.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening the 8th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JOHN BURGER, of the Two Brothers, to Mrs. Low, of New-Jersey.

On Thursday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. HENRY PALMER, to Miss LANEY ITLAND—both of this city.

Same evening, at Oyler-Bay, [L. I.] by the Rev. Mr. Schenk, Mr. JACOB HOOPS, of Philadelphia, to Miss CATHARINE DOTY, of that place.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. JAMES MORRISON, to Miss POLLY MILLS—both of this city.

Mr. DURANG's Exhibition.

This Evening, July 11, at No. 239, Broad-way, next door to the Golden Swan, opposite the Park.

Act I. Mr. Durang will go thro' some surprising Equilibriums on the

SLACK WIRE.

Act II. ITALIAN HORNPIPE, by Mr. Durang.

Act III. Song, (TANTIVY the WELKIN RESOUNDS) by Mrs. Wilson.

Act IV. The Favorite Pantomimical Dance, call'd

The Philosopher and Son:

Or, The Merry Girl.

Act V. A Pantomime, called, The

Death of Harlequin.

Or, The Pranks and Tricks of a Skeleton.

Act VI. The whole to conclude with a perspicuous Exhibition, in Grotesque Characters, shewing the Power of Light, called,

Les Grandes Italianes Ombres.

In which will be represented the celebrated tooth Drawer, the Landlady, the Cocker and Barber. Dancing and a colation on the TIGHT ROPE, Particularly the surprising scene of the Glutton. Tickets to be had of Mr. Fowler, at the Theatre where also Seats in the Boxes may be taken.

Box 45. GALLERY 25.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at this Office, Price 3s.

BELISARIUS:

A Tragedy, written by Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres, of this city.

SUCH persons as have Subscribed at this Office for this EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, OF OTHERS wishing to encourage *American Genius*, may be supplied by sending their names.

UMBRELLAS.

THREE boxes French Umbrellas, of different sizes and colors, just received from Bordeaux. Also, a few English Umbrellas of a superior quality, with brass slides, and a general assortment of fresh imported DRY GOODS, for sale upon reasonable terms, at No. 102, William-street, by

WILLIAM CAVERLY,

Who has likewise for sale thirty-one firkins of Fresh Butter.

July 11. 74 tf.

LYCETT and PALMER,

Japanners and Ornamental Painters, No. 137, William-street.

JAPAN all kinds of chairs, bed-pillars, wash-hand stands, toilet tables, bed and window cornices, neater and cheaper than paper. Paint all sorts of ornamental work. Burnished Gilding, on Glass, elegantly executed.

N.B. Orders for the above articles from any part of the continent punctually attended to.

Court of Apollo.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

MY friends all declare that my time is mispent,
While in rural retirement I rove,
I ask no more wealth than dame fortune has sent,
But the sweet little girl that I love.

CHORUS.

The sweet little girl that I love,
The rose on her cheeks my delight,
She's soft as the down, as the down on the dove,
No lilly was ever so white as the sweet little
girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
With the sweet little girl that I love.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove,
My happiness centres in BETSEY alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.

THE KISS.

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly press'd,
ELIZA, how great was my bliss!
The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast;
I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your
kiss,

I scarce can my transports restrain;
I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight;
And I kiss you again, and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms;
Still stealing from favour to favour—
Now, now, O ye Gods! let me fly to your arms,
And kiss you for ever and ever.

THE WIDOW.

MY husband, poor dear man! is dead and
gone;
And left his loving Widow all alone,
Save two sweet babes—Mine, sure's a woeful case,
Till I obtain another in his place.

A NECDOTE.

TWO persons distinguished by their ex-
cellences upon their backs, having acciden-
tally come together in a public company, one of
them turning round and rubbing his back against
the other's, exclaimed, with great humour,
"Who the devil will dare to say, in future, that
mountains never meet?"

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

IT being mutually resolved to dissolve the part-
nership account subsisting between John and
Mary Spindle, husband and wife, in the parish of
—, and to carry on the business of matrimony on each their separate account: If any
gentleman or lady has any claim of love or affec-
tion on either of the said partners, they are de-
sired to bring the same to be satisfied; and who-
ever is indebted to them, are hereby required to
pay the said debts to either of the partners, on
account of the said separation, as soon as conve-
nient.

BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt Blain, from
Glasgow, and for sale by
JOHN HARRISSON,
At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha,
and Psalms,
Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.
do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.
do. do. in one neat pocket vol.

New Testament, large print, octavo,
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion
in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,
New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical
Grammar, 2 vols.

Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,
A great variety of the newest Song Books,
A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets,
Blank Books of all Kinds,
Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,
Copperplate Copy Books,
Best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best
foolscap do. common do.
Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders,
Black Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Slates,
Playing Cards, Message do.
Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,
Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and
shoes, &c. &c.

Also, just received, a large Assortment of
CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Harlem Oil, Turlington's Balsam, Prentiss's
Balsam for Corns, Godfrey's Cordial, and
Anderson's Pills.

HARDWARE.

JEREMIAH HALLETT, & Co. No. 171,
Water-street, between Burling-slip and Fly-
Market, have just received by the Portland from
Bristol, and other late arrivals, a General Assort-
ment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c. among which
are, Best steel plate mill, pit, cross-cut, and o-
ther saws, anvils and vices, shovels and spades,
English and Dutch frying pans, bar and sheet
lead, sheet copper, tin plates, iron and brass
wier, spelter folder, brass kettles, pots, kettles,
and other castings, shovels and tongs, carpenters
and joiners tools, cabinet wares, crowly and
blistered steel, door, trunk, and other locks,
hinges of different sorts, knives and forks, and
other kinds of Cutlery, Brads, nails and clouts,
screws, iron and pewter spoons, coarse and fine
combs, brushes, wafer and waffle irons, straw
knives, coffee mills, best White Chapel needles,
&c. &c. which will be sold on reasonable terms for
cash or short credit.

New-York, June 6.

69—6w.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and
the public, that he continues to carry on the
**UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-
SINESS**, in all its branches, at No. 30, Ve-
sey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-
prentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

WANTS EMPLOYMENT.

A Middle aged Woman, who perfectly under-
stands confectionary, preserving, and pas-
try, in all their various branches, would be glad
to engage in Genteel Families by the day. En-
quire at No. 22, Stone (formerly Duke) street.
June 27. 72 1m.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

AN active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of
age, and of reputable connections, is
wanted at this Office.

UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few
days: Tickets may be had by applying
at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street,
near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York;
where Tickets in the last and present Lottery
will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for
establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by
applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 1y

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING By JOHN VANDER POOL,

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-slip.

THREE or Four Painters will meet with con-
stant employ and Good Wages, enquire of
Anthony Ogilvie, upper end of Cherry-street.—
Also, Two or Three Apprentices wanted, apply as
above. June 20. 1f

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and
the public that she continues to carry on the
**STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINA-
RY BUSINESS**, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years)
where she hopes for the continuance of those fa-
vors which it will be her constant endeavors to
deserve.

Handsome and Airy APARTMENTS to
Let, apply as above.

PRINTERS INK,
MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB
FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the
Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

HIRAM GARDINER, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this
city that he has commenced business in Cedar-
Street, No. 32, (formerly Little Queen-Street, two
doors from the corner of Broad Way, nearly opposite
Mr. Masons meeting house, as he has furnished himself
with a quantity of the best materials and most approv-
ed methods, and means to make it his sole study to en-
deavour to please and render satisfaction, to those who
may deign to employ him, he doubts not of meet-
ing with encouragement therefore solicits their favour
and attention.

N. B. The subscriber returns his sincere thanks to
those Ladies who has been pleased to favour him with
their custom and hopes for a continuance of the same.

72—4w.

SHIP PAINTING, By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed
in the most elegant manner, at the shortest
notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city.
Window Glass 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and
7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in
the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—1f

Washing, Bleaching and Ironing,
DONE in the Best Manner, at No. 10, Bow-
ery-Lane, at the sign of the Rising Sun.
New-York, July 4, 1795. 73 3

Genteel Boarding and Lodging.
FOUR Gentlemen may be accommodated with
Boarding and Lodging in a genteel Family.
Enquire of the Printer. June 13. 6f